

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

*Edw. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall deerly abide this rebellious acte.*

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiers.

*War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.*

Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

*Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?
A parlie firra, to George of Clarence.*

*Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then
Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick.*

War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwick call.

Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?

*I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)*

*And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou,
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud hearted Warwick I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
And Richard do not frowne vpon me.*

For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.

*Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.*

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.

Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou leaue

*The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?*

*War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to Barnet presently,*

of Torke and Lancaster.

And bid thee battaile, Edward if thou dar'st.

*Edw. Yes Warwick he dares, and leades the
Lords to the field, Saint George and victory.*

Exit.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwick with

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend

And tell me who is victor, Torke or Warwick?

Why aske I that? my mangled body shew

That I must yeeld my body to the earth.

And by my fall the conquest to my foes,

Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,

Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely

Vnder whose shade the rampant Lyon sle

Whose top branch ouer-peerd Ioues sprea

The wrinckles in my browes now filld wi

Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.

For who liu'd king, but I could dig his gra

And who durst smile, when Warwick ben

Loe now my glory smeard in dust and blo

My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I

Euen now forsake me, and of all my Land

Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somerset

Oxf. Ah Warwick, Warwick, cheere vp

For yet there's hope enough to win the d

Our warlike Queene with troopes is com

And at South-hampton landed all her train

And mightst thou liue, then would we ne

War. Why then I would not sit, nor ha

But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,

For many wounds receiu'd, and many me

Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of the

And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to

Som. Thy brother Montague hath bro

And